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OOL AND SOCIAL DRAMA.

"Act well your part."

Two Ghosts in White.

BY

T. S. DENISON.

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T. S. DENISON
1878.

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Two Ghosts in White.

A FARCE.

BY

T. S. DENISON,

Author of Odds with the Enemy; The Sparkling Cup; Seth Greenback; Louva, the Pauper; Wanted, A Correspondent; Initiating a Granger; A Family Strike; The Assessor; Hans Von Smash; Borrowing Trouble; The Pull-Back; Country Justice; etc.

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1878.

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CHARACTERS.

Miss Praxis, Principal of young ladies' boarding school.
Mrs. Gushover, Visitor.
Miss Sourtop, Matron.
Belle, Julia, Annie, Nettie, } School girls.
Bridget, Chambermaid.

COSTUMES.

Any clothing suited to the social standing of the character.

SITUATIONS.

R, means right for the actor as he faces the audience; L, left, C, center.

MAR 6 1913

TWO GHOSTS IN WHITE.

SCENE,— *Girls' room in female boarding school; entrance L; closet door R; bedroom door L C in flat; sofa R C; study table C; chairs, books and articles pertaining to studies.*

Annie. We'll have just a jolly time, Jule. Fred and Will said they would bring their chums, two splendid fellows, for Belle and Nettie.

Julia. Won't that be nice! But how did you manage it this time? Sourtop has eyes all over her head.

Annie. Yes; just like a potato. (*Laughs.*) You see my gold pencil has a hollow space inside big enough for a tiny note. Well I lost the pencil, by accident, of course, under a seat, while doing penance in the shape of the morning walk in the park. Fred, by accident too, found it after we had gone. What did he do but come boldly up to the seminary and deliver it to Miss Praxis herself. She scolded my negligence a little, that was all.

Julia. Ha! ha! I should never have thought of that. Will they bring a ladder?

Annie. No, you big goose! That isn't safe any more. You know the new kitchen runs out under the old oak, and Fred says that is just the thing. From the roof of the kitchen they can easily get onto the roof of the wing, and then the lightning rod will take them directly to Belle's window.

Julia. Oh, dear! I'm afraid they'll fall!

Annie. Ha! ha! you're afraid Will may get hurt!

Julia. I wasn't thinking of Will at all.

Annie. Oh, certainly not! you never think of him. There's not the slightest danger. Didn't they say the last time they were here, that they always climb the lightning rod to their room when they're out of the college late? It will be just gay! Ma sent me cake and fruit, and Fred will bring oysters and pickles. Wouldn't Sourtop tear her hair if she'd find it out?

Julia. Let 's go and see if Belle and Nettie will be sure to be here

Annie. Oh! of course they'll come. (*Exeunt L.*)

Enter L, MISS PRAXIS AND MRS. GUSHOVER.

Miss P. Mrs. Gushover, this is a fair specimen of the rooms in our boarding halls, as you will see by comparing it with those of your daughter.

Mrs. G. Indeed, Miss Praxis, I think your arrangements are all perfection. I do, really, and I'm glad to find it so. I've wor-

ried a great deal this year about my darling Belle. I've told Mr. Gushover again and again that we must spare no pains to edicate our child. Says I to him, says I, Gushover we can't be too particular about the edication of our child. Says I, riches takes wings, (Mr. Gushover is one of the solidest men in our town) but knowledge don't.

Miss P. Very true.

Mrs. G. Says I, we'll spare no expense to give Belle a superior edication. Miss Praxis, money 's no object when advantages are concerned. I've always said so to Gushover. My child shall have advantages if money 'll buy them.

Miss P. You are very right in your views concerning the future of your child!

Mrs G. Just what I've always told Gushover. Belle is a smart girl. She 's the smartest of the family.

Miss P. Remarkable!

Mrs. G. She knowed every one of her letters before she was four, and could count like everything when she was six. I said then to Gushover, says I that child shall be edica'ed.

Miss P. Have you destined her for any particular work in life?

Mrs. G. Well, I can't say as I have. *Arithmetic* is her strong point. Don't you think so, Miss Praxis?

Miss P. She does very creditably in arithmetic and in fact in mathematics.

Mrs. G. I don't know much about them *mathematics* you speak of. I never studied them but one term when I went to school. Grammar and 'Rithmetic was my strong points.

Miss P. Ah! I dare say!

Mrs. G. It was, indeed. I believe in *strong points*, and it's a teacher's business to bring them out. Belle 's a good girl. She'd never cause her teacher a spark of trouble if she knowed it. She never complains of her teachers and they never complain of her. Anybody can get along with her when they learn her ways.

Miss P. I soon learn the ways of my pupils. Belle is an excellent girl. She is inclined to be a little merry, but that is doubtless caused by her fine physical organization.

Mrs. G. I want to know! I declare I never noticed it. She is the quietest girl I ever seen. She is the bashfullest girl at home you ever heerd tell of. She wont even look at the young gentlemen who used to be playmates at the public school. Says I to Mr. Gushover, says I, Belle 's so bashful we never will get her out into society at all; and says he, don't worry, Mary Ann, says he she'll come out some of these days.

Miss P. Her coming out will be easy enough, I apprehend, Mrs. Gushover.

Mrs. G. Gushover is a peculiar man I'm compelled to say, Mrs. Praxis.

Miss P. Oh, no! Don't say so, Mrs. Gushover. I think Mr. Gushover a model man!

Mrs. G. Yes, I vow he is, Miss Praxis. Itook him because he

was a model man. I could a' had a dozen men when I got Gushover. They were just dyin' for me, but I took up with him. I knowed he'd suit me. Says I to myself, says I, I'll furnish the sentimental and style, and Gushover will furnish the practicalities of life. He don't care a straw about style. When I talked of sendin' Belle to school I said to him, says I, Gushover we must send Belle where there's *style*. And, says he, I agree with you decidedly Mary Ann, for we need some style in the family. D'ye see? He was jokin'. That man 'll be the death of me yet with his jokes, for you see he married me right out of a fashionable boarding school. (*Laughs.*) Now I spose really Belle must take after her Pa if she's inclined to fun.

Miss P. It 's quite probable. Such traits are often hereditary. You need not regret Belle's liveliness. She is a very good pupil, an exemplary one, in fact. Mrs. Gushover, would you like to visit some of the rooms where the young ladies are at study. You will find them busy as beavers. The occupants of this room have, I presume, obtained permission from Miss Sourtop, the matron, to visit some other room. Study hours end at eight, but the young ladies have permission to study until nine, and I'm glad to say that many of them avail themselves of the privilege. We are workers here, Mrs. Gushover.

Mrs. G. So you are! I see it on every hand. Now I venture Belle studies every evening till the last minnit. I could hardly git her away from her books at home. We'll drop into her room just before nine and surprise her.

Miss P. Perhaps she expects to spend the evening with you in the parlor? Possibly, it would not do justice to her to expect to find her studying on this occasion.

Mrs. G. Now don't you mind that, Miss Praxis. She's an obedient child and I told her she should go right along as if I wan't here. Don't you fear for her. I venture she'll be hard at work when we come, and we'll just visit round and see what the others are doing. Your discipline is so good, I know they'll all be hard at work.

Miss P. Ah! I'm glad you think so well of us. You appreciate a *good* school. Our discipline is indeed fine. Miss Sourtop is invaluable to me. She spends all her time seeing after the girls during hours when they are not in class. You can't *surprise* our girls much, for they are always at work. We *never* find them idle.

Mrs. G. Indeed your school is really perfection.

Enter SOURTOP.

Miss P. On the rounds as usual, Sourtop?

Sourtop. Yes, Miss Praxis, I'll strive to do my duty by these young ladies. Dear things, they need constant care and I love to bestow it. (*Exeunt Miss P. and Mrs. G.*)

Sourtop. One must keep up appearances when strangers are around. (*Looks around room.*) Now if the girls haven't left

their closet door open, I can't teach them that such things are *very* improper. Of course everything inside is disarranged. (*Steps inside.*)

Enter ANNIE and JULIA.

Annie. Goodness, if I haven't left my closet door open, (*Mimickingly*) Sourtop says that is very improper. (*Locks door and puts key in her pocket.*) Let 's see what 's in my box. (*They bring box from bed room and proceed to open it with a hatchet.*)

Julia. (*Pulling out an overcoat*) Good gracious, Annie! what's this?

Annie. Well, did you ever? I declare I've got somebody else's box. (*Pulls out various articles of gentlemen's dress.*) Ha! ha! ha! If mother hasn't sent me brother John's box, and of course mine has gone to him. How provoking!

Julia. It 's real mean.

Annie. Wait a minute, Julia! I know Ma would send John something to eat too. Good! Here it is. (*Produces large cake, bag of nuts, etc.*)

Julia. It's too bad that Belle's mother is here. Suppose she'd find out all about our little supper.

Annie. No danger! She told Belle that she would spend the evening with Miss Praxis.

Julia. Splendid! Then Sourtop will be in the parlor too. She'll want to hear all that 's said by Miss Praxis and Mrs. Gushover. Annie, I wouldn't prowl around these halls in the dark as she does, for the world.

Annie. Pooh, you little coward! you see a spook in every dark corner.

Julia. And I venture you would be just as much afraid as I, if you do think you are very brave.

Annie. Pshaw! All the girls know you're a regular little ninny! What do I care for your ghosts and haunted houses. I wish we could have a light. It must be nearly time for the boys to come.

Julia. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Enter BELLE *and* NETTIE, *silently. Arrayed in white. They wave their arms silently.*

Annie. Good gracious! (*Darts into Passage L.*)

Julia. (*Screams.*) Annie! Annie! I shall die. (*Faints.*)

Nettie. (*Excitedly.*) Oh, dear, what shall we do? She's so easily frightened, and she may die.

Belle. Plague take it! She'll not die. But Sourtop will hear her screams. She'll be here in a minute, and then we're in a pretty fix. (*Footsteps heard outside.*) Gracious! She's coming! You'll not catch me in the scrape. (*Throws the sheet which is wrapped around her under the sofa, and runs into bed room.*)

Nettie. Well, they'll not catch me in a trap either. I'll just faint too. (*Throws sheet under the sofa and drops on floor.*)

Enter L, MISS PRAXIS, MRS. GUSHOVER, *and* BRIDGET

Miss P. It must have been here we heard the noise.

Mrs. G. Oh, where 's my poor child? Belle would never leave her books unless it was something dreadful. (*They see girls on the floor.*) Mercy, save us, if it ain't murder! Call the police. We'll all be killed.

Bridget. Troth! an it's murder, it is!

Miss P. (*Calmly.*) Something serious has happened. But the young ladies have only fainted. Bridget run quick for water! Run into my office and bring my lancets, and a vessel to catch the blood. It may be necessary to let a little blood. Fetch my smelling salts too. (*Proceeds to lift the girls into sofa and easy chair.*) You see, I am something of a physician, and occasionally prescribe for the young ladies. I can bleed as well as any doctor.

Mrs. G. (*Rushes around frantically.*) Oh, Miss Praxis, don't mention blood! I can't bear to think of it. I can't bear to see a chicken's head cut off. Says I to Gushover before we were married, says I, one thing I never will do, I never will cut off a chicken's head! And I havn't. I'm as tender-hearted a s a—a—

Miss P. (*Aside*) As a mouse! (*Trying to restore the girls.*) Calm yourself, Mrs. Gushover, really, I think it is nothing serious.

Enter BRIDGET *hurriedly L, with a large pail of water, containing large tin dipper; also, a long butcher knife, a wash-tub, a wooden tray of salt.*

Miss P. Mrs. Gushover, will you please assist me? Where can Sourtop be? Her assistance would be invaluable now.

Mrs. G. Oh, Miss Praxis, don't! You make me feel faint to hear you. Poor Belle! Miss Praxis, has anything happened to my child?

Miss P. Bridget, bring water. (*Bridget takes up dipper full.* MISS P. *raises* NETTIE'S *head and bathes her temple.*) Now, this way! (*They do same with Julia, latter shows signs of reviving. Turns to Nettie again.*) I'm afraid this is a more serious case. I think I will bleed her as the quickest means of relief. Bridget where the basin to catch the blood?

Bridget. Shure, an' I brought the wash-tub.

Miss P. Dear me! Why did'nt you bring something else?

Bridget. Faith an' that will hould it, surely.

Miss P. The wash basin would have been quite sufficient.

Mrs. G. (*Excitedly.*) Oh! I shall faint! Help! To think of a wash-tub full of blood. It will kill the child.

Bridget. (*Takes handful of salt and puts under Mrs. G's nose*) Now, then, won't yez try a shmell of the salt?

Mrs. G. (*Severely.*) Take away them nasty drugs.

Miss P. Why, Bridget, what do you mean? What are you doing with the salt? Get the lancet for me, quick!

Bridget. Didn't yez say that smellin' of salt would relave the

pain of faintin'; an' isn't the lady a dyin' to faint? (*Takes butcher knife in one hand, and a dipper of water in the other. Hands knife to* MISS P.)

Miss P. Where's the lancet? Mercy, me! What's this for? Where's the lancet?

Bridget. Yez said yez wanted to spill some blood. I thought that would spill enough.

Miss P. You wretched blunderer. The girl might die before you could relieve her.

Bridget. Ay, an' I belave it.

Miss P. Water! Pour a little on her temples. (*Bridget pours dipper full of water on* NETTIE'S *face and neck. She jumps to her feet.*)

Nettie. You horrid thing! you've spoilt my new dress!

Miss P. Suddenly recovered! What is the cause of this?

Bridget. Faith, you've found spache at last, an' a very oncivil spache at that, when we've been trottin' the breath out of our bodies for yez.

Mrs. G. Do you feel weak, poor child?

Nettie. (*Snappishly.*) No! I don't. (*Annie slips in L unobserved.*)

Miss P. Miss Nettie, will you please inform us the cause of all tnis trouble?

Nettie. Oh, don't ask! Some one was coming in and frightened us terribly!

Miss P. What was it?

Annie. Something dreadful!

Julia. It was a ghost!

Miss P. Mrs. Gushover, I fear this is something serious. Bridget go and raise the alarm.

Mrs G. Oh, don't leave us! That horrid thing may come back. Miss Praxis, what's that by the chair?

Miss P. (*Picks up coat.*) A man's coat, I declare. It must be a burglar and he's hid some where about. Bridget run for my revolver and call Sourtop. (*Bridget runs out L; Mrs. G. groans.*)

Annie. *Aside to Julia.*) What *shall* we do. The boys may be here any minute and she'll shoot them.

Julia. (*Aside to Annie.*) Oh, dear! Tell her it's your brother's coat. (*Sourtop with husky voice heard in the closet crying, "Let me out! I'm smothering!"*

Annie.
Julia. } Mercy!
Nettie.

Miss P. You're there, you villain, are you? (*Enter Bridget with revolver.*) Well, you shall not escape with impunity. We are armed. (*Bridget flourishes revolver.*) Come out, villain!

Mrs. G. Spare his life. I'll faint if you shed blood.

Sourtop. (*In closet.*) I can't get out. The door's locked! Oh, don't shoot!

Miss P. (*Sternly.*) Girls, if that door is locked from the outside there's a mystery some of you can unravel. Where's the key?

Annie. Indeed, Miss Praxis, I know nothing about it. I saw the door ajar a few minutes ago and locked it. That's all I know. (*Produces key. Miss P. puts key in the lock.*]

Mrs. G. Oh, don't let him out, Miss Praxis. He'll kill us all. Send for the police! I must find my poor child! *Will* you call the police?

Miss P. Stay where you are! I want no police prying around here.

Sourtop. Please let me out!

Miss P. Robber, are you unarmed?

Sourtop. Yes.

Miss P. Will you resist?

Sourtop. Mercy on us, no!

Miss P. Remember I have a revolver pointed at your head. (*Sourtop screams.*)

Bridget. An' I have a bloody big butcher knife pinted at your throat, ye murderin' villain. (*Sourtop screams again. Miss P. opens door cautiously; Sourtop rushes into her arms and screams "murder."*

Miss P. (*Starts.*) Good gracious how you shock me! Miss Sourtop what does this mean? Why didn't you say it was you?

Sourtop. Oh, goodness! mercy! I was so frightened I didn't know you.

Miss P. (*Sternly.*) How came you in that closet?

Sourtop. Miss Praxis, I was inspecting the closet. As I found the door ajar I stepped inside and some one suddenly locked the door.

Annie. (*Aside to girls.*) Good enough for the meddling old thing.

Miss P. Then the burglar is concealed some where on this floor. I'll find him.

Mrs. G. Miss Praxis, I insist you shall find my child. I insist. Gushover pays his money. She's murdered in cold gore I know.

Miss P. If you're child is where she should be she is safe in bed, asleep. We'll try the bed room. (*Belle rushes out of bed room; Mrs. G. clasps her in her arms.*)

Mrs. G. My precious! Thank Heaven you're safe, darling.

Miss P. Miss Gushover, have you seen him?

Belle. Goodness, no! Seen whom? (*Aside.*) Have the boys been discovered?

Miss P. Seen whom! Why the burglar, of course. Miss Sourtop, did you observe this coat as you entered the room?

Sourtop. No! the villain must have followed me.

Annie. Miss Praxis, that coat belongs to my brother John. His box came to me by mistake, and mine went to him.

Mrs. G. Do tell! Well I never!

Miss P. (*Severely.*) Then why didn't you say so at once and save all this confusion, to say nothing of the danger to these young ladies. Your conduct deserves a severe reprimand.

Annie. If you please, Miss Praxis, what was the good in saying so when there was a villain in the closet.

Sourtop. Miss Annie, observe that suh language toward your superiors is very impolite, not to say reprehensible. Your conduct, too, in locking that door was positively shameful. With your approval, Miss Praxis, I will make the penalty a week's detention at play hours.

Mrs. G. Bold thing! I'm glad my Belle haint taken up with *that* girl.

Julia. Please, Miss Sourtop, she wasn't to blame. I know some one else came into the room. They were ghosts! Gracious! I can't bear to think about it!

Sourtop. I am ashamed of you, Julia! To talk of spectres. Before *strangers*, too! One would think you read of nothing but ghosts. Shame!

Belle. (*Aside*) We must get them away before the boys come. (*Aloud.*) Indeed, Miss Praxis, Nettie and I are to blame. We were only in fun. We wrapped sheets around us to play a joke on the girls, and some one coming frightened us all.

Mrs. G. (*Laughs.*) Well, really, that child is gettin' quite jolly. (*Laughs.*)

Nettie. We thought you would not care! Please forgive us this time and we'll never do so again.

Belle.
Annie. } No, never!
Julia.

Bridget. (*Aside.*) Niver till there's another foine chance.

Miss P. Girls, you all see how your silly pranks might result seriously, but as the fright you have endured seems to be sufficient punishment, I will forgive you this time.

Sourtop. (*Aside.*) Well, I wouldn't! (*Aloud.*) Miss Praxis *I'm* convinced there's a *man* concealed about this house and I shall not rest till he's discovered.

Miss P. I think you are mistaken, perhaps?

Sourtop. The girls haven't made this matter clear to *my* mind. I'll see for myself. Miss Praxis, I'd be o'bliged to you for that revolver.

Mrs. G. Well, she must be a bold woman! I'd faint at the thought.

Miss P. If you must, I'll accompany you. Bridget, please bring a light.

Bridget. And the butcher knife?

Miss P. (*Laughing. Takes lamp.*) Yes. Mrs. Gushover will you accompany us?

Mrs. G. Oh, the idea of hunting in the dark for a horrid man. It's perfectly dreadful!

Bridget. Shure, an' if he knew who was after him he'd be lavin at onct.

Mrs. G. I'll retire to my room immediately. Go to your room precious. (*To Belle.*)

Belle. Yes, ma! (*Exeunt Miss P., Mrs. G. and Sourtop, Bridget following. The girls beckon to latter and she stops.*)

Annie. Oh, Bridget, will you tell on us?

Bridget. Faith, an' I think not, for I knows nothin' to tell yit. But I have me own opinions of the matter.

Annie. Cousin Fred was coming up with some of the boys. Run to the hall of the wing and watch for them. Sourtop will shoot them if they climb onto the roof.

Bridget. An' why do they be climbin' on the roof when there's a stairway up the stairs?

Annie. But Fred couldn't get permission to bring the others.

Nettie.
Belle. } Oh, do! They'll be shot.
Julia.

Bridget. An' you be wantin' me to desave Miss Praxis, the dear girl, an' ould Sourtop.

Annie. We promised her we'd never do it again, and we won't. I'll give you half my cake.

Bridget. Shure, an' it's no bribes I'll be taken' of yez, if you've a mind to make me a prisint of some cake, well an' good; I'll be after tellin' ould Sourtop the gintleman jumped off the roof and run away.

Nettie. Oh, No!

Annie. Don't say a word!

Belle. You mustn't tell for the world!

Bridget Troth an' be aisy darlints, I meant the burglars instid ot the gintlemen.

Belle. That will do! Hark! (*All listen.*) Hurry, Bridget, they're on the roof now. (*Bridget runs out L.*)

Julia. Mercy! I'm frightened to death.

Belle. Good land! That 's nothing, if it hadn't spoiled all our fun.

Annie. I'll never risk it again!

Julia. Nor I!

Nettie. Nor I!

Belle. Well, I guess I'll not either, for it's too much risk.

Enter SOURTOP *L, with revolver.*

Sourtop. Young ladies! it is high time you were all in bed. Go to your rooms at once! Only think of the trouble you've caused. It 's worrying the life out of me by inches! I'll never consent to stay here another term; I can't stand it.

Belle. (*Aside.*) That news is too good to be true.

Sourtop. Are you going to your rooms?

All. Yes, ma'am, we're going!

Enter BRIDGET *hastily, L.*

Bridget. If you plaze, ma'am, the gintlemen all jumped off the roof and cleared themselves (*Girls scream.*)

Sourtop. The gentlemen! What gentlemen?

Bridget. I mane the *burgulars*!

Sourtop. Then, why didn't you say burglars? The idea of calling a burglar a gentleman! Young ladies, to bed at once!

All. Yes, ma'am! (*Exit Sourtop, L.*)

Annie. Here, Bridget, is your cake! (*Cuts large piece of cake.*)

Bridget. Thank yez! Pat an' me will have a little tay party in the kitchen Pat's waitin' for me!

Annie. Well, I never!

Belle. Did you ever! Bridget, your time to be found out is coming.

Bridget. Troth, an' Pat comes in through the cellar windy. He'll niver be riskin' his bones climbin' a lightnin' rod. (*Exit L.*)

Julia. Thank goodness, we're out of this scrape!

Annie. It was a close shave, I tell you.

Nettie. You'll not catch me playing ghost soon again.

CURTAIN.

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1. It *exhausts* and *condenses* without any change of its parts, where an ordinary pump, capable only of exhausting the air, costs $20 alone; then $8 extra must be paid for a condensing chamber; not only this, but the parts must be changed, and the pump is likely to get out of repair.

2. Its exhausting power is at a maximum, the valves being light and its parts being so arranged that *no air* remains under the piston to resist the raising of the exhausting valve by rarified air in the receiver The pump is thus mechanically *perfect.*

3. No instructions accompany ordinary apparatus. The above pump is accompanied by a hand book, giving full *instructions as to the preparation and manipulation of the apparatus in every experiment.*

4. The entire outfit costs but $20, capable of performing 100 experiments; in the hands of an ingenious teacher, a greater number. An air pump alone usually costs $25.

LIST.

Holbrook Condensing Air Pump —extra brass—warranted	$9 00	Three feet ⅜ Rubber Tubing	$1 00
Two stop-cocks	2 50	Band Sheeting and Thin Rubber Sheeting	70
One Connector	60	Book of Experiments and Explanations of Apparatus	50
Movable Receiver	75	Brass Plate	2 00
Two Single Nut Caps	80	½ Gallon Bell Jar Receiver	1 25
Two Double Nut Caps	90		

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